



a Hanna-Barbera Production

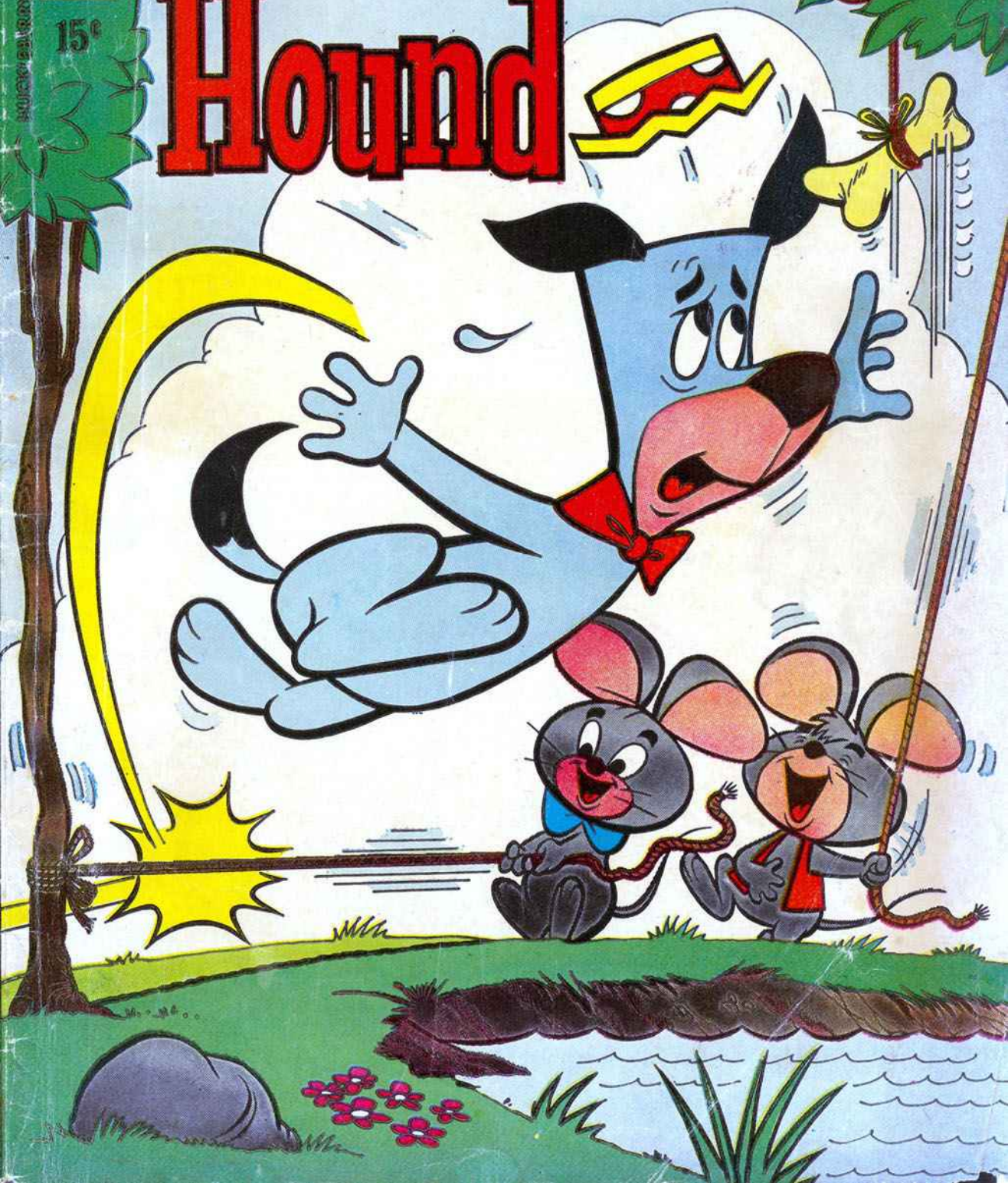


Huckleberry Hound

NO. 1
NOV.
CDC

15¢

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

FRESH AIR FIEND

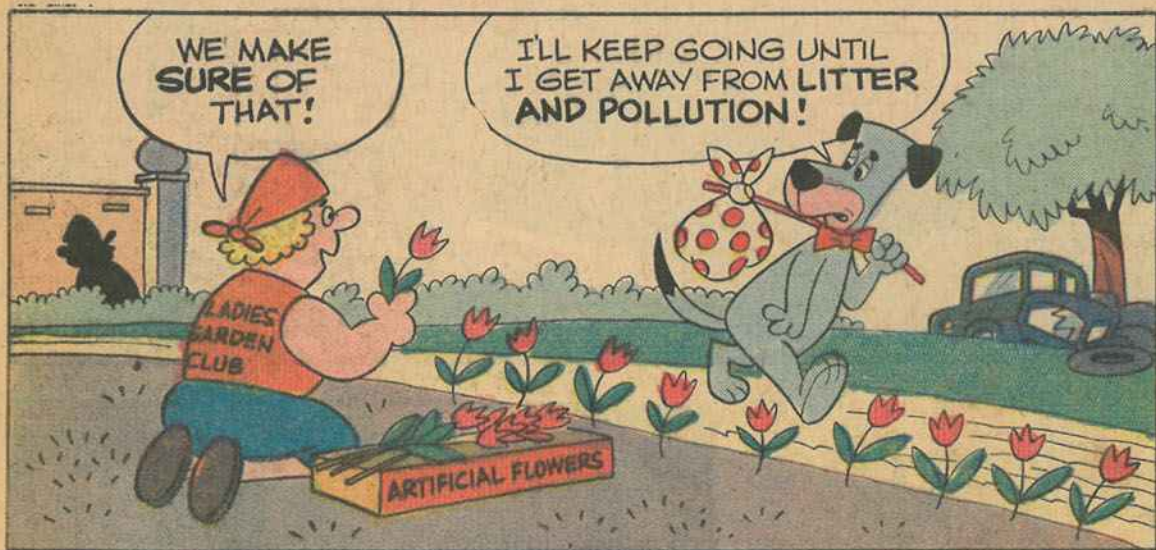


HUCKLEBERRY HOUND Vol. 1, No. 1, November, 1970,

published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1970 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright secured. All rights reserved. 15¢ per copy. Subscription 90¢ annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.

This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

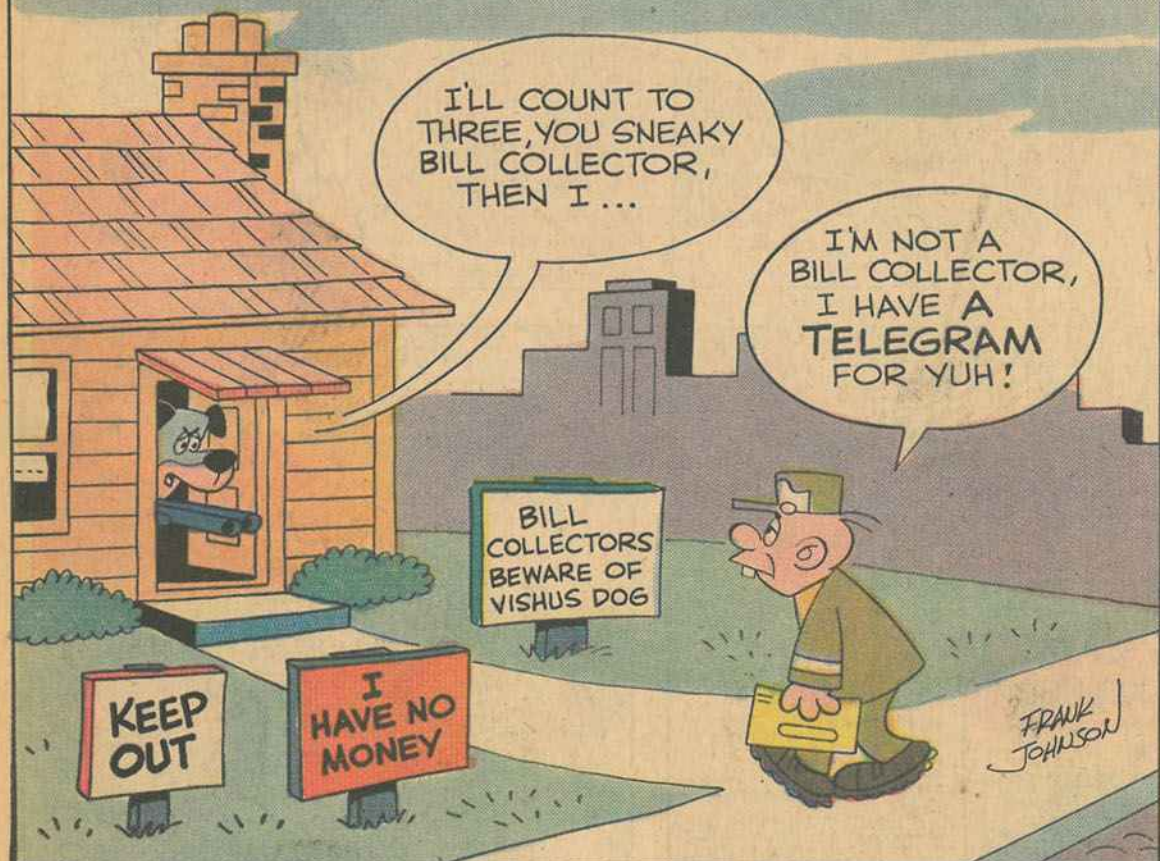
© 1970, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.



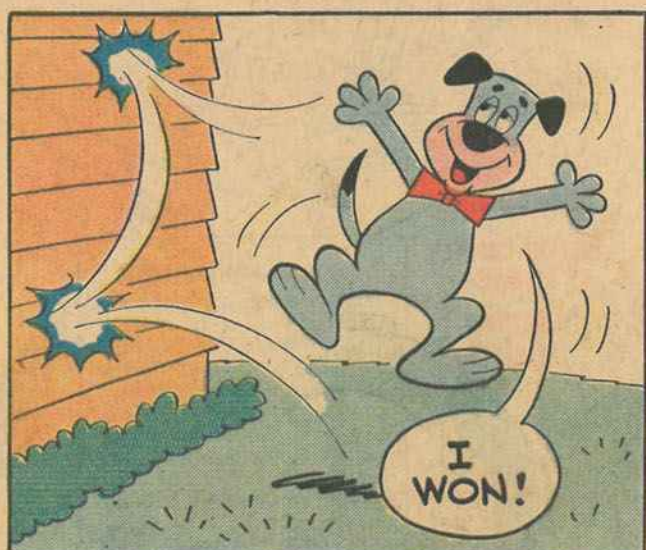


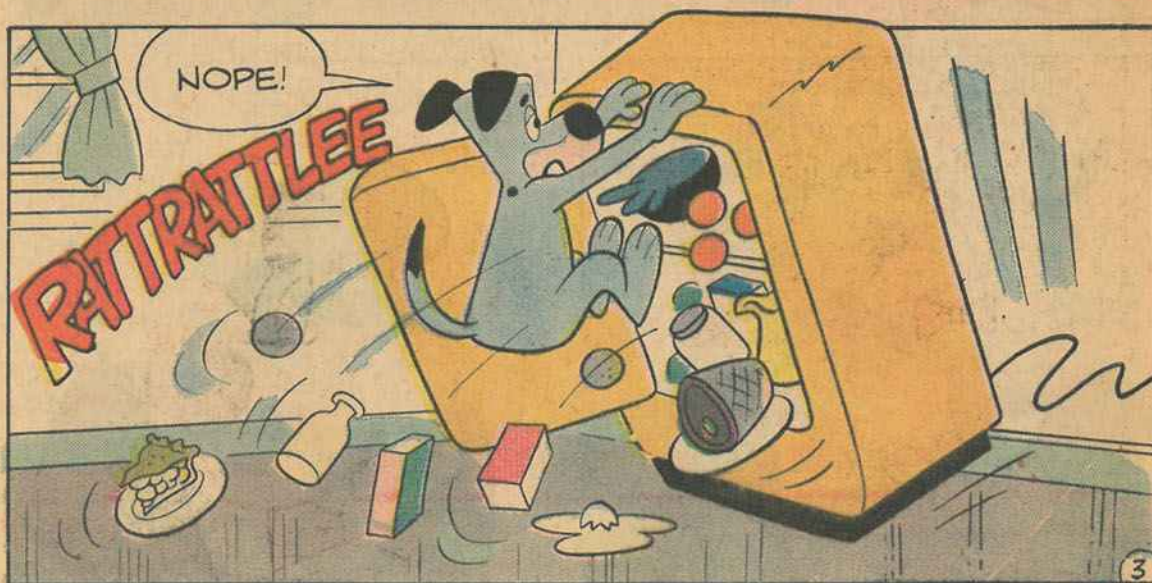
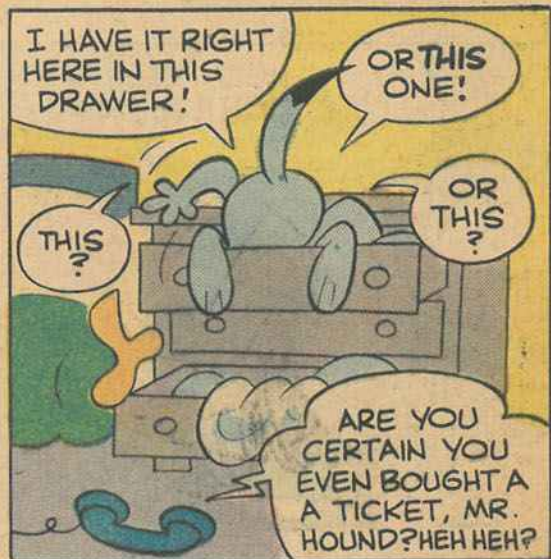
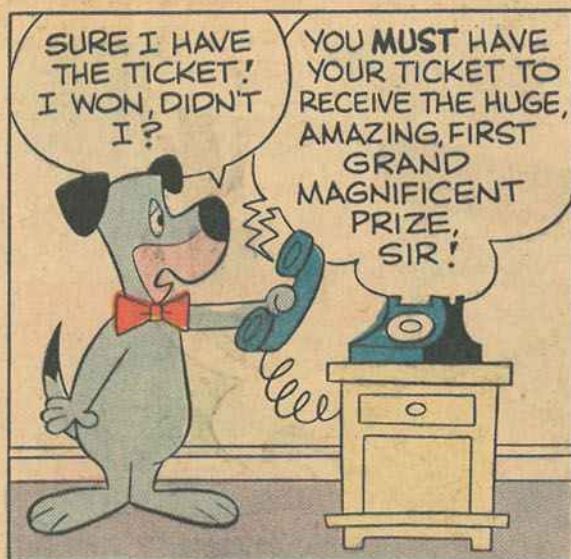
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

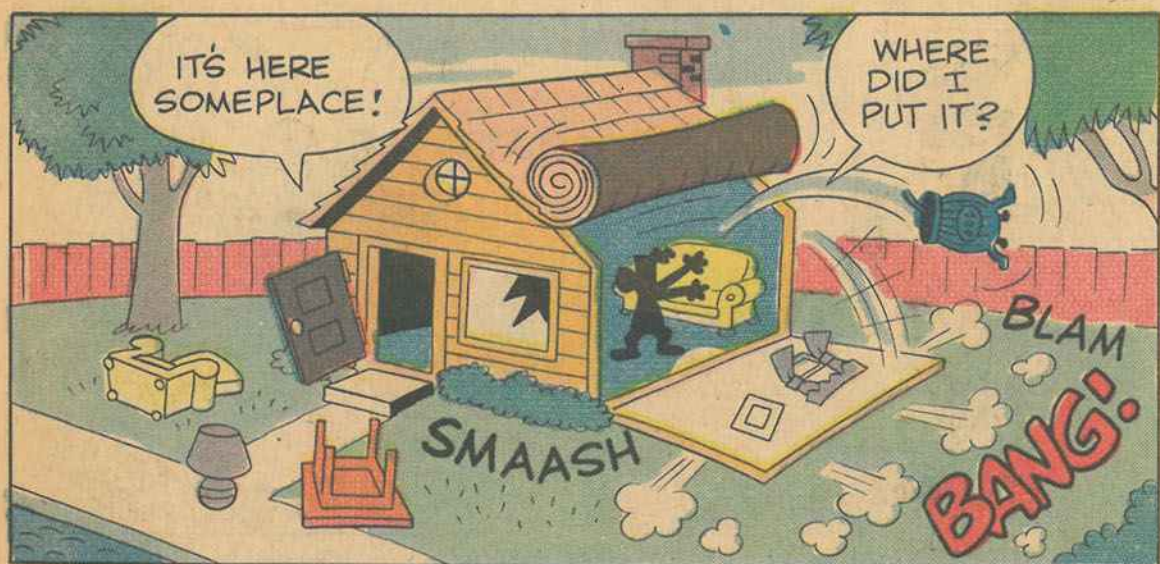
LUCKY HUCK

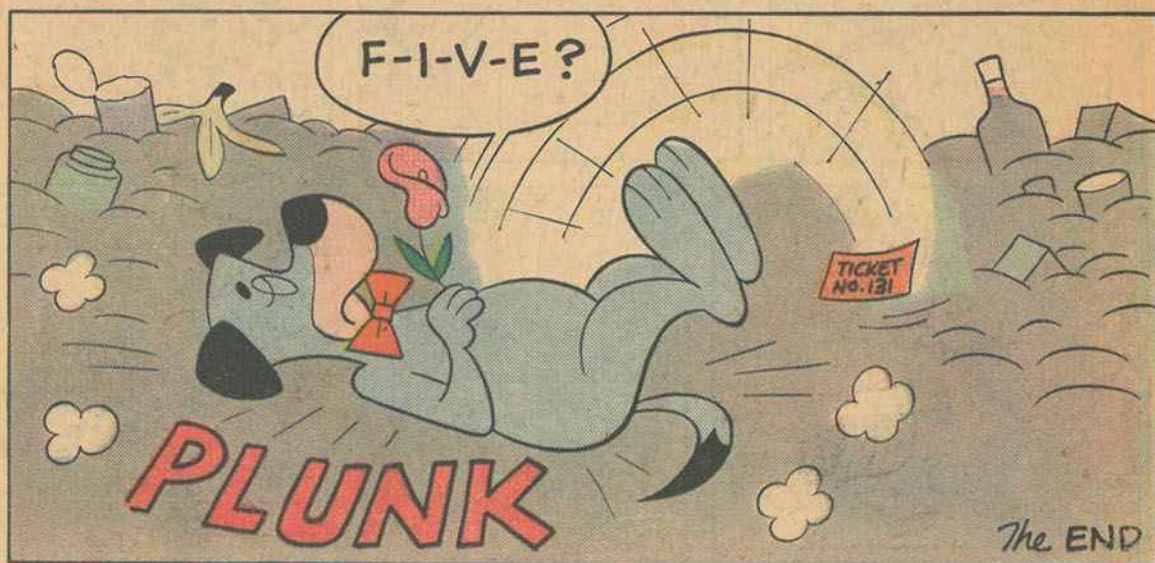
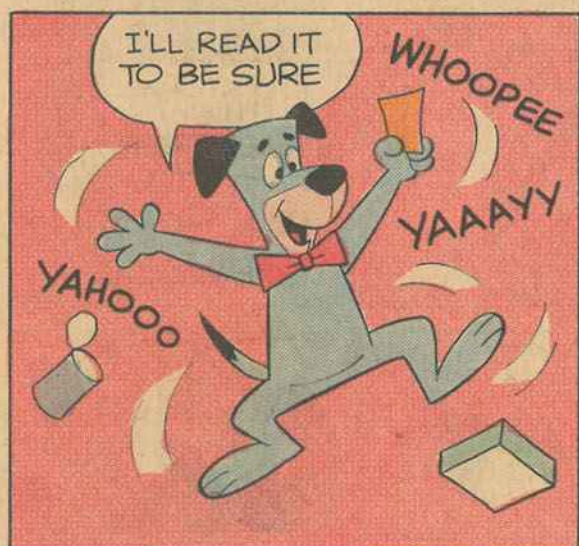
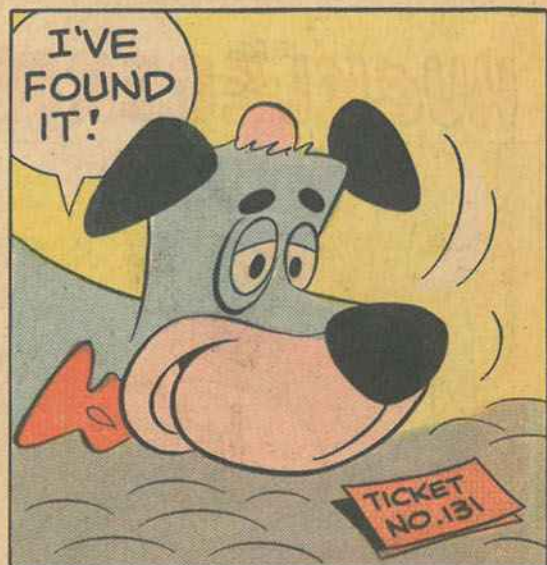


CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



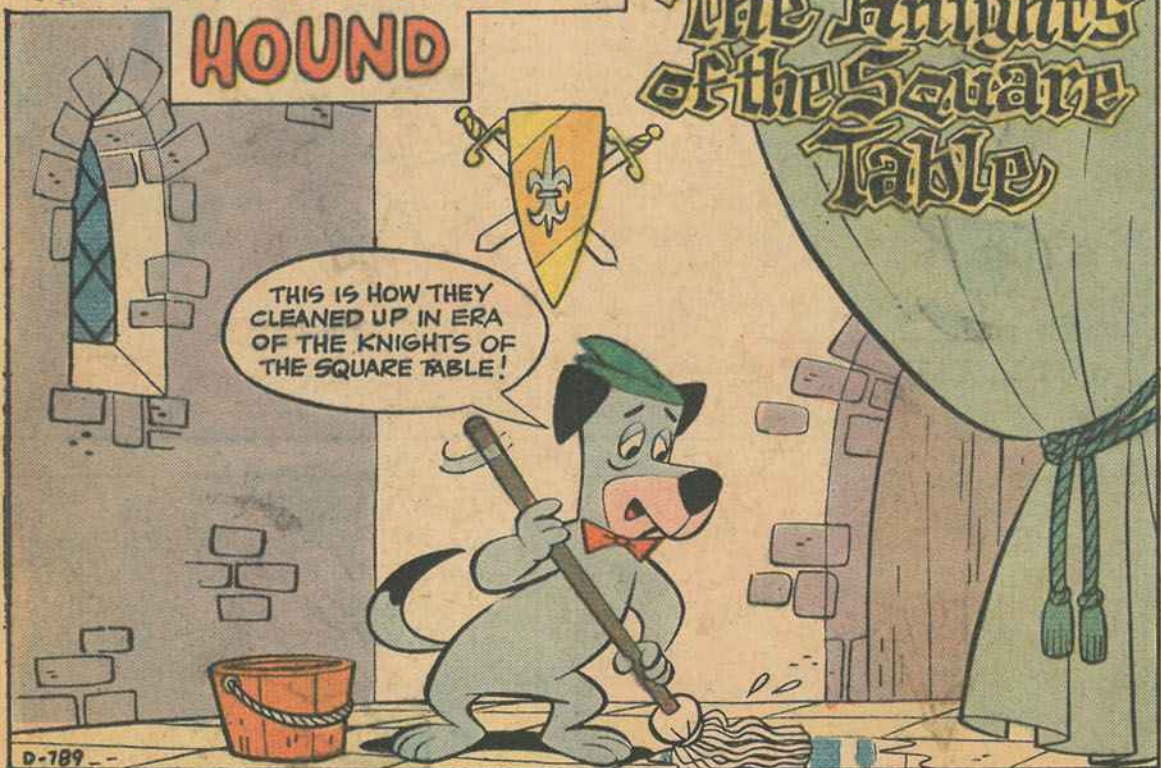




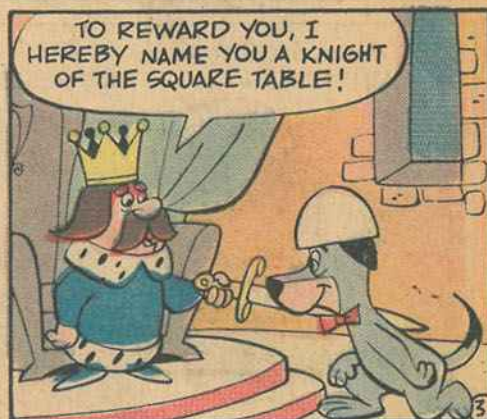
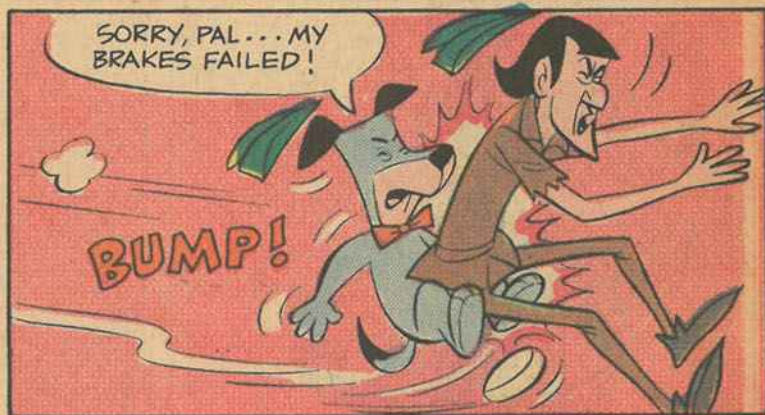


HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

The Knights of the Square Table







A FEW DAYS LATER...

I FINALLY
ESCAPED!
NOW I'LL GET
EVEN WITH
HUCKLEBERRY
HOUND!



MEANWHILE...

SIR HUCKLEBERRY, YOU'VE
GOT AN IMPORTANT CRUSADE!
YOU'VE GOT TO CAPTURE
THE GREEN DRAGON!

OKAY, YOUR
MAJESTY!
WHATEVER
YOU SAY
SHALL BE
DONE!



I HOPE THE DRAGON
ISN'T TOO BIG!



THERE HE IS NOW,
I'LL FIX HIM!



LUCKY I
HAPPENED TO HAVE
THIS DRAGON
SUIT HANDY!



HEE HEE! I LOOK
PRETTY SCARY!



THIS IS ALL I NEED... IT'S STARTING
TO RAIN! I'D BETTER FIND SHELTER!

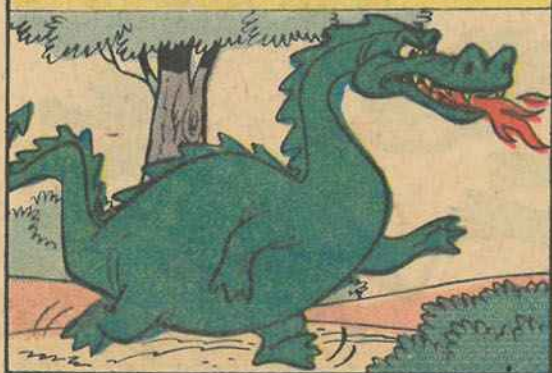


AND AT THE SAME TIME...

I'LL WAIT HERE
UNTIL THE
SHOWER IS
OVER!



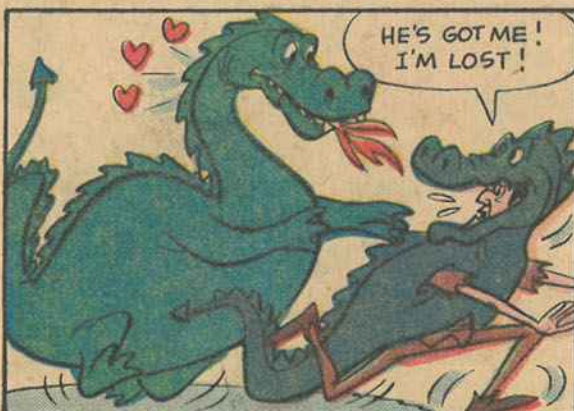
OH, OH! HERE COMES THE GREEN DRAGON...



YOWW! THE GREEN DRAGON!



HE'S GOT ME!
I'M LOST!



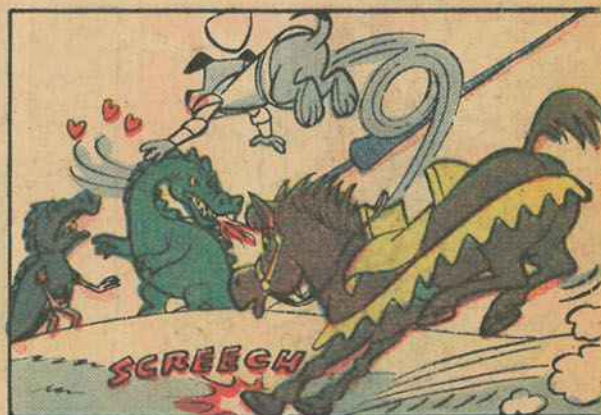
HE'S KISSING ME!
YUUUCCCHH!



SIR HUCKLEBERRY, SLAYER OF
DRAGONS, ATTACKS!



SCREECH

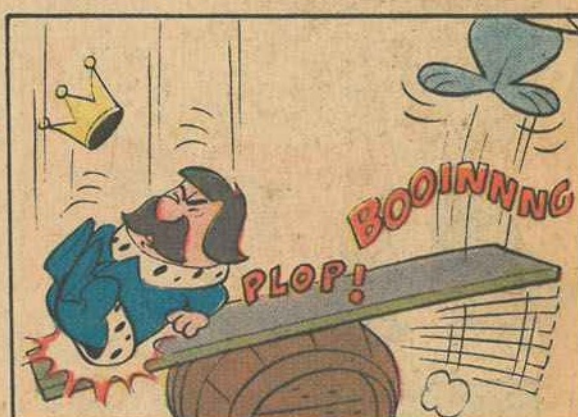
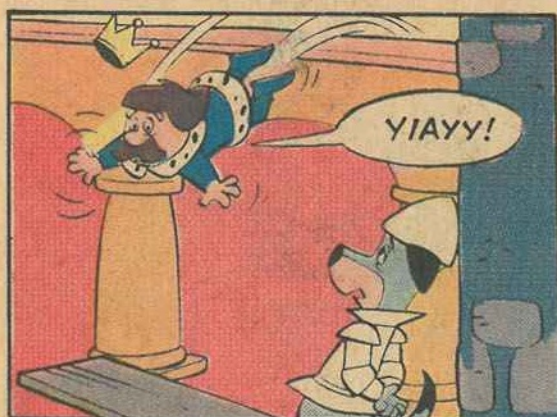
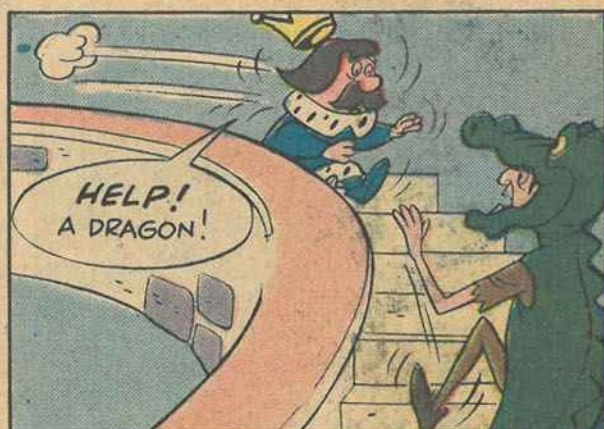


YIIII!
THIS IS A
HEKUVA
PLACE TO
COME
DOWN!



THIS IS A GOOD TIME
TO GET OUT OF HERE!







"Modern Manners"

There is something about a nine year old boy who is about to become ten that is unique. Especially if his name is Tommy Burns. For he has already learned how to ride a horse, roller skate, swim, fly a kite, and even ski. In school there are problems but most of them are connected with mathematics. At home, there is only one big problem-how to handle his parents in a satisfactory manner. Which means to get them to think that they are telling him what to do-the very things he wants to do.

On this particular afternoon, he noticed that his mother was exceedingly busy in the kitchen.

"We are going to have special company for supper," she informed him. "And I want you to put on your best manners."

"Then we aren't going to have Uncle Ben and Aunt Emma over this evening," he cleverly deduced. "Who are we going to have for supper?"

"That isn't the way to express it," corrected mother. "We aren't cannibals. We aren't going to eat people. We aren't going to have them for supper. We have invited them over to be our guests for the evening meal."

"If we aren't going to have them for supper, then what are we going to have for supper?" grinned Tommy.

"A very nice menu," explained mother. "It will begin with fruit salad, there will be a sirloin steak for each of us, and apple pie and ice cream. But that isn't important. What is important concerns your manners."

"I learned a lot about manners when you eat at the table," explained Tommy to his mother. "Yesterday, our teacher Mr. Juluck told us about what they did when Philip V was boss of Spain. They only had three prohibitions, otherwise you could do anything at those royal banquets. First of all, you were not supposed to throw the bones on the floor. You will admit I have never done that. Maybe once I did put a bone in my pocket to give to Bobby's dog. Second of all, you were not to spit into your plate. You will agree I have never done anything like that at the table. And any kid who throws spitballs in school gets a week detention. And finally, you were not to blow your nose with the tablecloth. Mother, you will admit I never did that.

True, I once scared a little baby when I blew my nose. So outside of those three things, anything goes."

"Absolutely not!," contradicted mother. "Last week when we had Uncle Ben and Aunt Emma as our guests, I was horrified at what you did. You took a slice of bread and dipped it in the gravy and you really cleaned your plate."

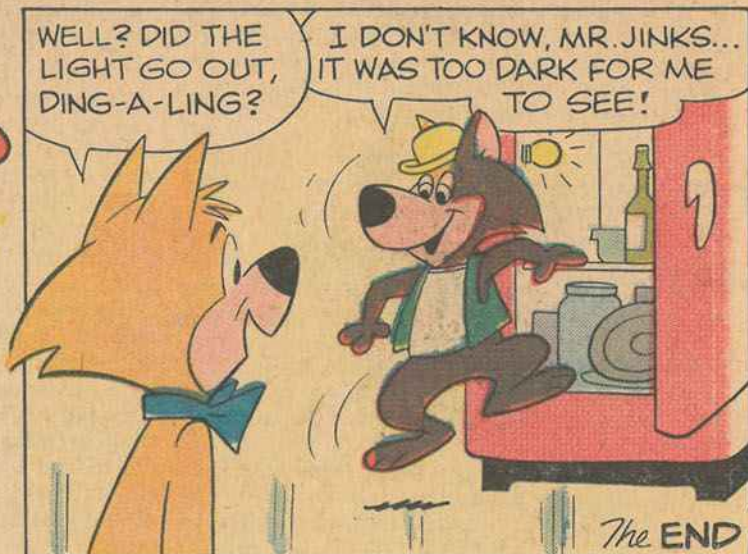
"You should be proud of me," pointed out Tommy. "If I cleaned one plate, then there is one plate less for you to clean. Anyway, I am president of the Clean Plate Club in our school. You know, it tastes swell, when you dip your bread in gravy."

"Never mind that, young man," continued mother. "You think you were smart the way you got a second helping of pie. Remarking that if you were twins, then you would have two slices of pie. But since you were unlucky enough not to be twins, why should you be cheated? I had to give you that extra slice of pie. But don't do it again. And another thing about your manners. If the soup is hot, then let it cool before you eat it. I never realized how strong your lung power was until you blew at the chicken soup. You actually blew some of it right across the table. Don't ever do that again. And try to avoid lifting and eating things with your fingers. You have a fork and a spoon and use them! Your father was horrified when you started to suck your fingers to clean them."

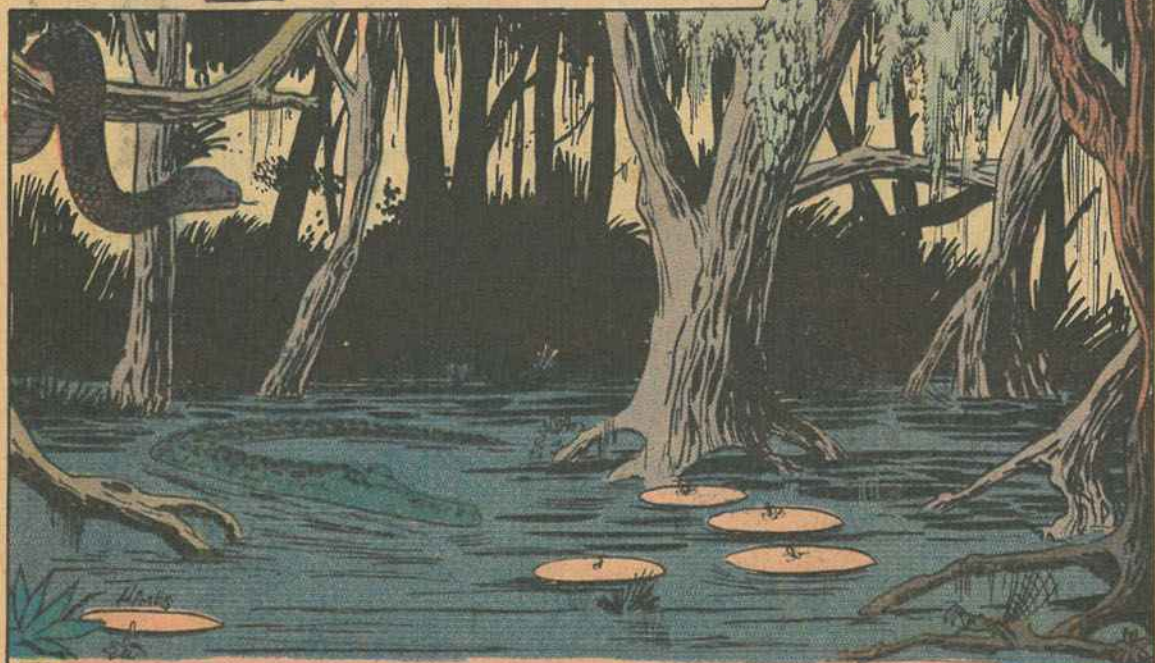
"I had to do that," admitted Tommy. "I dropped my napkin on the floor and couldn't find it. Anyway it was a much better idea than to wipe them on my nice clean shirt. And I am a good boy. Look at what Frankie did when he had company he didn't like. He put the salt into the sugar bowl. So when they put it into their coffee, the fun began."

"Enough of all of that nonsense," half shouted mother. "I am so worried about how you will act at the table."

"So let's make a deal. I know that dad's new boss and his wife are coming. And dad and you want to make a good impression. Give me five dollars and I think I can become sick enough not to eat at the table. Only five dollars...the price of a new fielder's glove."



BEWARE!



THE PEACEFUL POOL IN THE BROODING BAYOU SEEMS STILL AND WITHOUT LIFE OR DANGER....

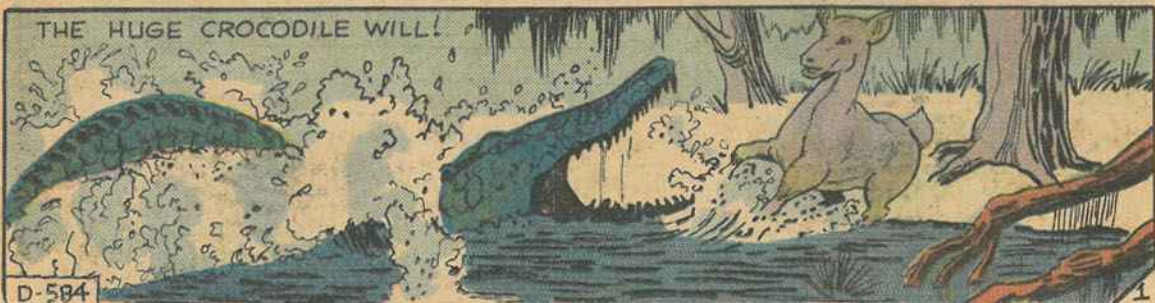
LET AN UNWARY CREATURE
VENTURE TO THIS POOL
FOR A DRINK AND....



....IF THE SNAKE DOESN'T KILL THE FAWN
WITH ITS FANGS....



THE HUGE CROCODILE WILL!



IN THE SWAMP, DEATH
LURKS BEHIND EVERY
STUMP....



....AND THERE ARE MUD-WASPS CAPABLE OF
KILLING ANY CREATURE WHICH DISTURBS THEM!



TARANTULAS CAN INFLICT
A PAINFUL STING....



...AND LESS DEADLY BUT MORE INSIDIOUS
ARE THE LEECHES IN THE THICK, SWAMPY
WATERS! NO ONE CAN KNOW THE
HORRORS OF HAVING SCORES OF THESE
BLOODSUCKERS ATTACHED UNLESS HE
EXPERIENCES IT!



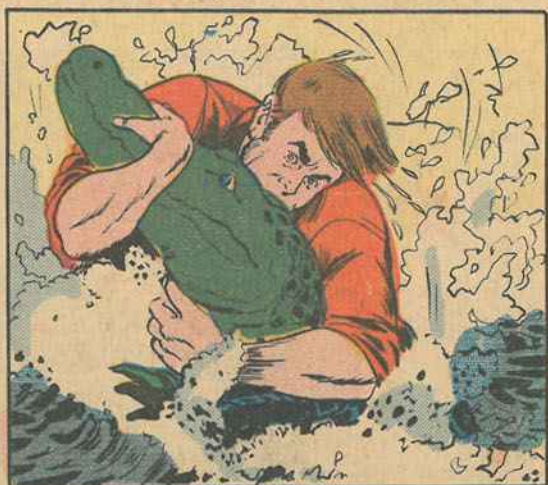
THE CROCODILES PREFER SALT MARSHES.... ALLIGATORS ARE FOUND IN
FRESH WATER SWAMPS! CROCODILES ARE SHARP-NOSED WHILE
ALLIGATORS HAVE BROAD, FLATTENED SNOUTS!



AS MEAN AND NASTY-LOOKING AS THEY ARE IN THEIR NATIVE HABITAT, LADIES LIKE SHOES MADE FROM ALLIGATOR AND CROCODILE SKIN...SO ALLIGATOR HUNTERS GO AFTER THEM RIGHT WHERE THEY LIVE! SOMETIMES, THEY SHOOT THE CRITTERS....



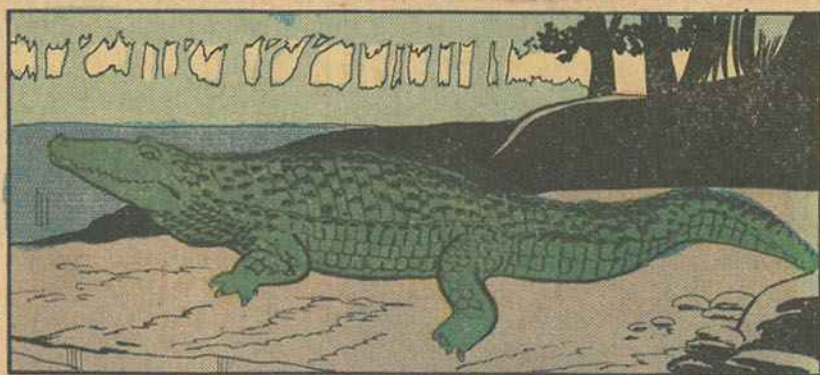
BUT JUST AS MANY HUNTERS TAKE THEM BY HAND, WRESTLING WITH THEM!



A LENGTH OF ROPE WRAPPED AROUND THE JAWS SANITIZES THE BRUTE.... THEN HE'S STUNNED AND THROWN IN THE BOAT! SAVES EXPENSIVE BULLETS!



NOW, ALLIGATORS AND CROCODILES IN THE SWAMPS ARE PROTECTED BY LAW... STILL THE POACHERS TAKE THE HUGE REPTILES! SO, NOW, THE LAW ATTACKS THE PROBLEM FROM THE OTHER END.... MAKING IT ILLEGAL TO **MANUFACTURE** SHOES OR HANDBAGS FROM THE REPTILES HIDES!



THE CREATURES OF THE SWAMP, ALLIGATORS, SNAKES, INSECTS, ETC., ARE ALL NEEDED IN THEIR ENVIRONMENT TO CONTINUE NATURE'S BALANCE! WHEN MAN WIPES OUT ONE SPECIES, ALL LIFE IN THE AREA SUFFERS.... AND MAN HIMSELF MAY BE ENDANGERED

THE END.

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

The BARGAIN HUNTER!

I GIVE YOU MY WORD
OF HONOR, SIR, THIS MACHINE
WAS ONLY USED BY ITS
OWNER TO GO CHRISTMAS
SHOPPING ONCE A YEAR!

IT'S MINE, I SAW
IT FIRST! HERE'S THE
MONEY FOR IT,
HONEST ABE!

UH,
MAYBE
I'LL...

HONEST
ABE'S
USED
CARS

GUARANTEED
ONE
OWNER
LOW
MILEAGE

D-814

FRANK
JOHNSON

LISTEN TO THAT ENGINE
PURR, SIR! I TELL YOU
(SOB) IT BREAKS MY
HEART TO SELL IT SO
CHEAP!

THERE,
THERE,
SIR!







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE

